MOTHER AND BABY

LULLABY

POEMS BY

MARY D. BRINE

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Lullaby Poems

By

MARY D. BRINE

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THE AUTHOR BEGS TO DEDICATE most lovingly to all Mothers and their dear Babies this small collection of her Lullaby Poems, trusting that each will find its echo in the Mother-Heart.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
What is Baby Made of?	11
The New-Born King	12
Baby's Future	13
My Baby!	14
Only a Lullaby!	15
The "Household King"	16
Mother-Thoughts	17
At Mother's Knee	19
Come, My Dearie, My Dearie!	21
What Shall I Wish for Baby?	23
Baby, Bee and Butterfly	24
My Little "Queen"	25
"Nestling Time"	27
Baby's Bath	29
The Queen of the Nursery	31
Dear Little Face	33
The Song of the Cradle	34
So Mother Thinks	35
First Steps	37
Lullaby, My Babie!	39
The Road to Slumberland	41
Who Knows?	42
At the Sleepy Time	43
"Good Night"	44
The "Home Concert"	45
Heaven's Best Gift	48

MOTHER AND BABY

WHAT IS BABY MADE OF?

OH, what is my Baby made of? Of all things sweet and fair:
The dew of the early morning; the breath of the summer air:
The Fairies must have wrought her out of the sunshine bright,
Or stolen a wandering angel out of a moonlit night.

The blue of the azure heavens has tinted her wondering eyes;
Her head has gathered the sunbeams out of the sunny skies;
The dimples her cheeks are holding, the dimples in chin, as well,
Are the prints of the fairies' fingers, tinged by the pink sea-shell.

Oh wondrously fair and lovely, my Baby was made for me!
Whether a stolen angel, or nymph of the summer sea.
And I've clipped her wings with kisses, lest she fly away like a dove,
And my heart has caught her and held her, strong in the bonds of love.

THE NEW-BORN KING

MY Baby lies within my arms, as rocking to and fro,
My thoughts are dwelling on that night when long and long ago
A Mother opened wide her arms, and on her tender breast,
With Mother-love, and reverence, laid her Holy Babe to rest.
I seem to feel the joyous thrill which coursed thro' every vein
Of that sweet Mother's heart, whose Son o'er heaven and earth would reign.
I know just how she bent to lay her cheek against His own,
And how she sang her lullabies in hushed and loving tone;
And how the baby-eyes met hers, and lingered on her smile,
And how she loved and kissed her Babe, and blessed her Christ the while,
Whose royal little head was crowned with heaven's hallowed light:
Whose feeble little baby-hands were vested with the right
To guide, to bless, to heal, to lead, as older they would grow,
Oh, Heaven's Majesty was with that Babe of long ago!
But yet He was a helpless child, that needed Mother's care,
A little baby to be loved, like this—my baby fair.
And oh, that thought to every Mother's heart is still so dear!
And brings the gracious Saviour's blessed life forever near!
So as I sit, this Christmas eve, and rock my babe to rest,
And feel the helpless weight of his dear head upon my breast,
I breathe a prayer of thankfulness that the great King above,
Was once a babe Himself, and thus makes sacred Mother-love.

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BABY'S FUTURE

OH, Baby mine, I wonder much
What life before thee lies!
What sort of fate doth thee await
Beneath life's fickle skies!
It may be I am nestling here
A future President,
Thou little man whose baby days
O'erflow with sweet content.

Or, wilt thou be a soldier brave,
All ready at the call
Of honor, for thy country's sake
To either stand or fall?
Ah! little one, 'tis not for us
Thy future years to scan.
But yet this wish my heart can hold
For baby, boy, and man;—

That thou a soldier of the cross
Wilt be, where'er thou art,
And bear thine arms with loyal pride,
And ever-zealous heart.
So wilt thou fear nor foe nor ill,
Whate'er thy life may be,
And may the Giver bless the gift
Of my dear son to me.

MY BABY!

WHAT do you see when you sleep, baby?
What do you see when you sleep?
That you sweetly smile, and dimple the while
My watch at your cradle I keep, baby?
My watch here beside you I keep.

Whom do you talk with then, baby?
Whom do you talk with then?
With whom do you go to the land of "By-lo,"
Over and over again, baby?
Over and over again.

The secret is only your own, baby,
The secret is only your own:
But whatever you do, it is happily true
You are always my darling alone, baby,
Always my baby alone!

ONLY A LULLABY!

ONLY a lullaby nothing more!
Which Mother is chanting o'er and o'er,
While baby close to her bosom lies,
Watching her face with drowsy eyes.
As to and fro,—singing low,—
Mother is chanting her lullaby-O!
But oh! how baby loves it!

Only a lullaby, while the day
Into shadow-land slips away.
And even the fair dream-angel hears
The music which falls on baby's ears.
O'er and o'er,—nothing more
Save just what baby has heard before!
Yet, oh! how baby loves it!

Only a lullaby, softly sung
To the tender words on the Mother's tongue!
As the beautiful stars of silver and gold
Are watching all lambkins safe in their fold.
And baby at rest,—on Mother's breast,
Is soothed to sleep in its cosy nest!
And oh! how baby loved it!

THE "HOUSEHOLD KING"

JUST a Midget sweet and fair,
Is the "Household King!" His hair
Full of golden sunshine lies
Just above his sunny eyes.
Rosy cheeks, and lips so sweet!
Dimples in his hands and feet!
All our comfort, all our joy
Lives and smiles in baby-boy!
"Troublesome?" Well yes, it may be,
Else he would not be—a baby!
What are babies good for pray,
If not to bother us each day?
Strange 'tis hard to find a mother,
Willing to give up that "bother."
No! for love grows fast to meet
Baby's hindrances so sweet.
Love, and mischief, smiles and tears,
Help to fill a baby's years.
Strange how closely subjects cling
To their tiny "Household King"
Many a little whim has he,
And they all must granted be,
Are we spoiling him? well maybe.
Yet he will not stay a baby!
Time will bear him on so fast
He will be a man at last.
But "Mother-love" will ne'er grow cold,
And Mother's son her heart will hold.

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MOTHER-THOUGHTS

DARNING little stockings for a pair of tiny feet,
As I sit beside the trundle-bed to-night,
Darning little stockings, and thinking thoughts so sweet,
Making Mother-plans, and weaving visions bright.
Humming "By-Baby-By!
For the stars are in the sky,
And the lambs have gone to slumber long ago;
And the merry, sunny day
Has hidden itself away,
So shut thine eyes and sleep, my Baby-O!"

Oh, the thoughts which come so freely, as swiftly to and fro
O'er the little sock my busy needle flies!
From the past, and through the present to the future how they go,
Coming back again to where my Baby lies
In his dainty trundle-bed,
Where his golden, curly head
On the little snowy pillow finds its rest,
While the moments each take wing,
As my slumber song I sing
To my own wee birdling in his cosy nest.

Oh, Baby, could thy Mother thy future plan for thee,
How smooth the path thine eager feet should tread;
The years which lie before thee, how happy they would be;
How bright life's skies above thy darling head!—

But—Oh, Baby, By!
We can only—thou and I—
Trust the Mercy which has given thee to me,
As the dawn must follow night,
So will shadows change to light,
And thy Mother's heart will hold no fears for thee.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE

SAFE to the fold the Shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day;
And thus my lambkins come to me,
At last grown weary of their play,
And while the twilight shadows fall
O'er hill and meadow, from above,
I draw my tender lambkins safe
Within the fold of home and love.

All day the restless feet have chased
The wandering sunbeams here and there;
All day the merry breeze has kissed
My babies on cheek, brow and hair.
All day my listening ear has caught
The happy sound of childish glee,
Until at last the sunset hour
Has brought my babies to my knee.

Oh, drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
Oh, nodding heads! I understand,
'Tis time two little travelers start,
With Mother's aid, for "Slumberland."
We'll fold the dresses smoothly now,
And free the tired, dimpled feet
From shoe and stocking. There! at last
My little ones, refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white, beside me kneel
With folded hands. O, Father, thou
Who art the Shepherd of thy flock,
Bend low thine ear, and hearken now
To each low childish prayer that these
My little children lisp to thee!
Hallow the twilight hour, dear Christ,
Which brings them thus beside my knee.

COME, MY DEARIE, MY DEARIE!

COME, my dearie, my dearie! the beautiful day has fled!
The stars have come out, and are looking about,
To see if the lambs are in bed.
To see if the lambs are asleep, dear,
The while their bright vigils they keep, dear,
So come, my own little lammie, and I
Will sing you a shadow-land lullaby.
There! snuggle your head on my arm, Oh, dear little head so fair!
And I'll watch the slumber creep into your eyes, and nestle, and cuddle there
As you sink to rest, on your Mother's breast,
Like a tired bird in its downy nest.
For Oh! the stars they are shining above,
With their wonderful eyes all full of the love
That the tender Shepherd has meant, I know,
To send to His lambs in this world below.
So sleep, my darling! Lullaby, dear!
Slumber, baby, and have no fear,
The song I sing you is born of a prayer
That the Shepherd will bless all my love and my care.
Soon the dream-angel will build you a boat
And you will go with her to float—to float—
So quiet, so slow,
To and fro!
With the dream-angel, Oh, yes, you will go!

Thro' the beautiful land where the dreams are all made,
My baby will wander, and be not afraid.
Ah! what will you see there?
And pray who will be there
To meet and to greet you, my little one, say?
And will you forget me? or will you regret me,
And gladly sail home with the dawning of day?
But sleep now, my dearie, my dearie,
Sleep till the day is near,
Maybe even in slumber
Mother's song you may hear.
For you cannot, e'en in your dream-ship
Go sailing beyond my care;
And the lullaby-song—it will only cease
When it loses itself in my prayer.

WHAT SHALL I WISH FOR BABY?

TELL me, my baby with eyes so blue,
What shall your Mother now wish for you?
Of all sweet wishes that ever were known,
The best should surely be yours, my own!
Give me a shake of that tiny hand,
For you've just come back from the "slumberland."
Did the angels kiss you, my baby boy,
That your little face wears that smile of joy?

What shall I wish that is truly best
For the babe so close to my fond heart pressed?
Should I ask for the world's good things for you,
Riches, and honor, and power, too?
Shall I hope that your little restless hand
May one day rule in this wide, wide land?
Ah, coo, and dimple! 'tis all you say,
For the wish I would make for you to-day.

Ah, well, then, baby, your Mother's prayer—
Strong and true with her love and care—
Shall be but this,—may the God of truth
Guide and strengthen your years of youth,
Whatever the future may hold for you,
Whatever His plan that you shall do—
I'll ask but this, come sorrow, come joy,
God's blessing upon you, my own dear boy!

BABY, BEE AND BUTTERFLY

BABY, Bee and Butterfly
Underneath the summer sky!

Baby, bees, and birds together
Happy in the pleasant weather!

Sunshine over all around,
In the sky, and on the ground:

Hiding, too, in baby's eyes,
As he looks in mute surprise

At the sunbeams tumbling over
Merrily amid the clover,

Where the bees, at work all day,
Never find the time for play,

And the butterflies so bright
Flutter in the glad sunlight.

Happy little baby boy!
Tiny heart so filled with joy!

Loving everything on earth,
As *love* welcomed *him* at birth!

Happy I, as one can be,
For the sweet joy he brings to *me*.

MY LITTLE "QUEEN"

SHE'S as merry as merry can be!
And Oh! what a darling is she!
My own little girl with the sunniest of eyes,
As beaming and bright as the mid-summer skies!
And I love her so well,
Ah, no one can tell
What my dear little "queen" is to me!

She is fair as a blossom in May,
And "bright as a lark!" people say,
And each night and each morning, I get a sweet kiss,
With the clasp of wee arms I hope never to miss,
And I kiss my "queen's" hand
As a sign,—understand,
Of my love and allegiance each day.

What gladness to me she does bring,
In all and in everything!
She's lovely, and precious, and gentle and sweet,
From her round, golden head to her spry little feet;
She is dearer than dear,
And nearer than near,
And about her will love ever cling.

'Twould sadden my heart should I try
To look into her *future*, so I
Will content myself simply from morning till night.
With the bright, happy *present*, forever in sight,
While my Baby so wee—
Brings such comfort to me,
As our glad, happy days hasten by.

"NESTLING TIME"

HOW we welcome it, Baby and I,
When the stars peep down from the quiet sky,
And dear little feet grow weary of play,
When the shadows of eve close around the long day!

It is sweeter far than the hours of fun,
Which all through the day seem ne'er to be done.
Sweeter, too, than the time of sleep,
When angels are waiting their vigils to keep.

When does it come? Ask Baby there—
My dimpled girl with the golden hair!
She knows it comes when tired of play,
She wants her playthings all put away.

And wants to climb upon Mother's knee,
Tired as ever a baby can be!—
And nestle her head upon Mother's breast,
Glad of the loving, and welcome rest.

Glad to be petted and rocked at last,
In Mother's warm arms held close and fast.
Glad to be cuddled, and glad to hear
The language only for Baby's ear.

Nestling closely, while kisses sweet
Fall on the dainty hands and feet,
As Mother is making all ready for bed
And slumber, her wee little "sleepy head."

Oh, nestling hour, so sweet, so blest,
When comes my birdling safe to her nest!
How we love it, my Baby and I,
As we sing in the starshine our "Lullaby."

BABY'S BATH

WHAT is our Baby laughing at,
Clapping his tiny hands so fat,
Kiss and tell me you precious boy,
What is causing you so much joy?
Ha! you rogue, I see—I see,
Why, just now, you are filled with glee!
You see the water sparkling bright
In your little tub in the glad sunlight.
Into the water—up to your chin,
Nurse will presently dip you in,
And dearly you like, my Baby, I know,
Into your bath each morn to go.

* * * * *

With a splash—and a dash!
And a spatter and clatter!
Now into the water he goes,
And while he is going
What shouting and crowing,
As he wrinkles with laughter his nose!
Splash him and dash him about!
Float him and tote him about!
Stir him—and whir him about!
Let him crow, let him shout.
Such a dear water-sprite!
Let him paddle about!
Such a wee little mite

Of a bather, I'm sure, was ne'er seen,
As our baby so rosy and clean!
As fair as a lily is he! as sweet as a rosebud can be!
Now nurse lift him out on your knee—for his fun
In the water is over—his gay bath is done!
Come! give my sweet baby to me.

* * * * * * * *

See, now I will rub him, and make him all dry!
I'll stop just to kiss him and toss him on high!
Oh dear! is he sleepy, I wonder, so soon?
Ho! baby, your "Dreamland" lies off near the moon!
Would you go there awhile
With your sweet, sleepy smile?
Come, then, I will sing you a Dreamland tune.

* * * * * *

Come, my little one, rockaby!
Come, and while in my arms you lie,
I will sing, and will lovingly trace
The shadow of sleep on your baby-face.

* * * * * *

Sh! tread softly. Baby's asleep!
Slumber his senses now will keep.
At rest in his dear little crib he must lie,
Till he wakes full of mischief—by and by.

THE QUEEN OF THE NURSERY

SHE rules by right of her summers two,
Her dimpled cheeks and her eyes of blue,
Her rosebud mouth where the wee pearls hide,
[And a little chattering tongue, beside!]
By the right of her chubby hands and feet!
By the right of everything fair and sweet!
Over our hearts she rules all day
By smiles, and laughter, kisses and play.

Dear little queen with golden hair!
Our little queen so bright and fair!
The sceptre of love hold fast and true
Over the hearts which worship you.
For this is your kingdom, baby mine,
Where brightest of sunbeams dance and shine,
Here in your nursery, where all day
You, my little one, laugh and play.

Mother's lap is your throne, you know.
Alas! how soon must my baby grow
Far too big for a throne like this?
How soon, how soon must my fond arms miss
The loving weight of their burden sweet,
While rest from their play the little feet,
And the golden head on my bosom lies
As sleep creeps into the baby-eyes?

I wonder now what we love you for?
I wonder if ever a mother saw
In her baby's face such beauty bright
As daily blesses *your* mother's sight?
Oh baby, baby, pray can you tell
The reason we love you, dear, so well?
You laugh at me? Ah! 'tis plain to be seen
That you are indeed a "Nursery Queen."

DEAR LITTLE FACE

DEAR baby-face, whence some perplexing thought,
Has chased the smile, I wonder what has brought
That wondering, serious gaze within the eyes
Where sunshine oftener than the shadow lies!
Some little plan which fate has overthrown!
Some little hope which suddenly has flown!
Some want, denied by wiser will than thine,
Perchance has made thy little heart repine.

Ah, baby boy, when thou art grown a man,
O'er full of cherished hope, or wish, or plan,
Thou then wilt learn that things go often wrong,
Despite the hope, or wish, or plan so strong.
And thou wilt learn the wisdom of that Power
Which rules and guides us all from hour to hour.
Too much of sunshine is not best, we know;
Shadow must help life's sweetest flowers to grow.

Like thee, so blessed by mother's loving care,
By mother's guidance, and her daily prayer—
We older ones must trust the heavenly love,
And question not the wisdom from above.
Dear little face! come smile again at me,
And thou in mother's eyes her love may see
Whatever grieved thee, this to thee I'll tell—
Trust mother's love, and all will yet be well.

THE SONG OF THE CRADLE

SING-Song-Lullaby-Rockaby—
Off to the "Land o' Nod" baby shall go;
Mother is near, with her foot on the rocker!
Chanting and crooning her lullaby-O!

Yonder I see it,—the oaken-carved bedstead,
Towering disdainfully over my head;
Little I envy its carvings and trimmings,
Though I am "only the cradle," 'tis said.

What knows my neighbor of baby's sweet dreaming,
Nestled 'mid pillows here on my breast,
While to the chant of the lullabies tender,
Mother and I rock the baby to rest?

Now the dream-angels hover about him,
Dimpling his cheeks with the thought of a smile,
On the dear mother-face smiles are reflected,
As she sits watching and crooning the while.

Sing-song-lullaby-rockaby!
Cradling the baby, I cradle a king!
Wee little monarch, I joy in my mission!
Comfort and love to the household I bring.

SO MOTHER THINKS

WHO is the *sweetest* baby
That ever said—"*a-goo-oo?*"
Who is the *dearest* baby
That e'er had eyes of blue?
Who is the *prettiest* baby?
I think *I* know—do you?

Who has the softest, golden
Little rings of hair?
Who has the pinkest cheeks,
And the smoothest brow so fair?
Who has the sweetest kisses,
Enough, and more to spare?

Who has the wee-est fingers?
The rosiest of toes?
Who has a rosebud mouth?
And who the cunningest nose?
And who is as sweet altogether
As—the very sweetest rose?

Who has the prettiest dimples
Dancing in chin and cheek?
And who is learning the dearest
Of all dear names to speak?
And whose young eyes are learning
Mamma's dear eyes to seek?

Ah well, there is but one answer
To questions I ask here,—
Only one true, glad answer
Awaiting your mother's ear,
Who is the *Prince* of babies?
Why—*mother's* baby dear!

FIRST STEPS

THE little, timid, trembling feet! Oh, should they strive
to step alone,
With what mishaps might they not meet? What
fatal dangers yet unknown?
But *mother's* tender hand it is that guides and helps them day
by day,
And mother's love that will remove the stumbling-blocks from
out their way.

The journey is not very long,—across the room, the steps are
few;
And baby knows that mother's love is ever watchful, kind and
true.
But there's a longer journey yet which he must take, and thro'
the years
Before him, as he journeys on, there may be clouds, and griefs,
and tears—

To hide the sunshine's golden light, and chase the blue from
azure skies,
And he may long for mother's hand to wipe the sad tears from
his eyes,
But will he learn, when older grown, to reach for that blest
Hand, so strong,
Which leadeth best, and guideth best, however rough the way,
or long?

Then shall his feet press safely on, however dark the way may seem,
For dark and gloom fast flee away when hope and trust shine out, and gleam.
So, mother, guard those tiny feet, whose first steps learned beneath your care—
May choose the right,—as you may teach, or—wander into many a snare.

LULLABY, MY BABIE!

TWILIGHT shades are softly falling,
Birds their truant mates are calling,
While my Babie sweet, and I
Sing our evening lullaby.
One by one the bright stars shine!—
[Hush thee, hush thee, Babie mine!]
Peeping earthward, seeking maybe,
For thyself, my precious Babie!
But they shall not have thee, dear;
Mother's arms will hold thee here.
Lullaby! Oh, lullaby, my Babie!

On the waters far away
Settles down the twilight gray,
Little ships in harbor rest,
Each wee birdie finds its nest,
Hush, for while the stars are peeping,
All wee babies should be sleeping,
Little lambs, full well I know,
To the fold are glad to go.
Sleep, my Babie! Lullaby!
Sleep, for darker grows the sky.
Lullaby! Oh, lullaby, my Babie!

Soft the fringèd lids are closing,
Babie, on my breast reposing,
Will to dreamland hie away,
With some little dreams to play,

While I sit in silence here,
As the shadows grow more near,
Visions bright my thoughts beguiling,
While in sleep my babe is smiling.
[Ah! now hush thee, Babie mine!
What has stirred that heart of thine?]
Lullaby! Oh, lullaby, my Babie!

THE ROAD TO SLUMBERLAND

OH, what is the road to slumberland? and where do the babies go?

The road lies straight thro' mother's arms, when the sun is sinking low.

They go by the drowsy "land o' nod," to the music of lullaby.

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little "nightie," clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;

And mother brushing the tangles out of the sunny silken hair.

Dear little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking free.

Pink little palms together clasped at the patient mother's knee;

Some baby words that are drowsily lisped in the "Tender Shepherd's" ear,

And a kiss that only *mother* can place on the brow of her baby dear.

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,

And then—the slumber-song, low and sweet, singing the song of "Rest,"

As close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby eyes,

While over the road to slumberland, the dear little traveller hies.

So this is the way—thro' mother's arms, when the sun is sinking low,

To the beautiful city of slumberland, all dear little babies go.

WHO KNOWS?

WHERE does the sunshine love to hide?
In the baby's golden hair. I know,
For the breeze that plays with the silken curls
Has just flown over to tell me so.

They say a bit of the brightest blue
Was lost to-day from the summer skies.
Who knows where the blue is hiding? I;
It is hiding here in the baby's eyes.

The soft pink flush from the ocean shell
Is missing, too. Do you see it, pray?
Do I see it? Yes; it is surely here,
Tinting the baby's cheeks to-day.

Four little pearls that are round and white
As a pearl can be, are lost, I hear;
Yes, where should the wee pearls be,
But in the mouth of the baby dear?

And where are the kisses, warm and sweet,
And glowing with mother's love and pride,
Which have just escaped from a mother's lips?
In the baby's *dimples* those kisses hide.

And where, oh, where is the tender love
That makes the darling of *self* a part?
Oh, *baby* knows where that love is hid;
He holds it fast in his little heart!

AT THE SLEEPY-TIME

HEY! my Baby! and ho! my Baby!
Frolic with me awhile!
See, I will ride you to "Banbury Cross,"
Just for a frolicsome smile.
Just a little wee frolic, my pet,
Ere the little dream-boat comes near-O!
To bear away o'er the slumber-sea,
My beautiful baby so dear-O!

What! so drowsy? not even a smile
In those pretty brown eyes just now?
Little head nodding, and eyes a-droop,
And the shadow of sleep on your brow?
Then come, my baby, cuddle you down
On your mother's loving breast.
When "Sleepy-time" comes there is naught else will do
But the song that will croon you to rest.

"GOOD NIGHT!"

SEE! the shadows gather fast; By-low time has come at last!
Little birds fly home to rest, safe within the downy nest
Little lambkins seek the fold, safely housed from wind and cold!
Baby darling, you and I, now must sing our lullaby.
I will sing a sweet good night, to my baby's dear eyes bright;
To the little cheeks so fair; to the curly, silken hair;
To the rosy lips so sweet; to the dimpled hands and feet;
Gently rocking to and fro; singing softly, singing low.
Into dreamland, baby wee, soon will slip away from me,
Out from shadow into light, to the world of visions bright;
While the mother-love so true—keeping tender watch o'er you—
With the lullaby shall seem, still to soothe and bless your dream.
See, how still the shadows lie; stars are lighting up the sky;
All the sunshine of the day, like yourself is tired of play.
Tell me, are the sunbeams there, in that dreamy-land so fair?
Bring them back, my baby, then, when you wake to earth again.
Sweetly on her mother's breast, sinks the little one to rest;
By-low time is sweeter far than the hours of play-time are,
So thinks baby, so think I, as the "good night" hour draws nigh.
Rocking slowly, to and fro—singing softly—singing low.

L. of C.

1886

THE "HOME CONCERT," AND MOTHER AND BABY

WELL, Tom, my brother, I'll say good-bye!
I've had a wonderful visit here,—
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could,
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward—your wife might say,
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish, day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both, when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet, you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As tho' we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart;

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot—
The little home that belongs to *me!*
And I—I'm lost in your grand, fine house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly *know* my brother—Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert *was* grand last night!
The singing splendid; but—do you know
My heart kept longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low,
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you,
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must be ever true.

* * * * * *

I closed my eyes in the hall, last night
[For the clash of the music wearied me],
And close to my heart a vision came—
The same sweet vision I always see.
. . . In the vine-clad porch of my cottage home,
Half in shadow—and half in sun,
A mother, chanting her lullaby,
Soothing to sleep her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I could hear the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She murmured her little—"goo-a-goooo."
Together they sang—the mother and babe—
My wife and child—by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the "Concert," brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more!

So, now, good-bye! And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain,
You were born to be rich and gay,
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened, too!
Back to a concert *all my own*,
Mother's lullaby,—Baby's coo.

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT

My Baby! Heaven's best gift to me!
A sacred trust my babe must be!
This little life, so newly sent
To fill the law of heaven's intent!
This little bud from heaven's bower,
On earth to open into flower.
This little soul which I must train
To strive for heaven's truest gain.

My Baby! Oh, can words express
The wondrous love, the tenderness,
The earnest thought, the anxious care,
Which in a mother's heart must share
With joy profound, and sweetest bliss,
All mingled in that mother's kiss,
As in her arms her baby lies,
And floods with sunshine life's fair skies.

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